

THE CALL OF THE SIMPSONS

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON'S FRONT YARD - SATURDAY MORNING

Open on HOMER watering the flowers HUMMING cheerfully while BART struggles to mow the lawn with an old-fashioned push-mower.

BART

(GRUNTS WITH EXERTION) Oh man. Rusty
old hunk of junk.

Bart jerks his head toward the Flanders' house next door.

NEW ANGLE

ROD FLANDERS, the Flanders' 12-year-old son, is riding a great-looking lawn tractor. He is reclining in his seat under an umbrella, sipping a tall soft drink through a straw. He sees Bart and waves.

ROD

(VERY FRIENDLY) Howdy, Bart. Hot
enough for ya?

BART

(GRUMBLING TO HIMSELF) Shut up,
Flanders. Hey Dad how come we can't
get a decent mower like the Flanders
have?

HOMER

Just be happy with what you got, son.

Don't try to keep up with the Flanders.

NED FLANDERS, their neighbor, pulls into his driveway in a gigantic RV labeled "The Land Behemoth." Ned sounds the HORN. It plays the first eight notes of the Colonel Bogey March. Homer and Bart walk over to the RV, looking at it enviously.

HOMER

(GASPS)

NED

(LAUGHS) How do you like my new wheels, Simpson?

BART

(UNRESERVEDLY) Oh, wow, man!

HOMER

Bart! (TO FLANDERS) I suppose it has... uh... various features?

NED

Oh, it's got everything! Microwave, dishwasher, big-screen TV, deep fryer, and... Oh, see up there on the roof?

Ned points to the satellite dish mounted on the roof.

HOMER

(CROAKING) A satellite dish!

NED

Yes indeedilly-doodily.

HOMER

But how can you afford something like this, Ned? I get your mail once in a while... you make only twenty-seven dollars a week more than I do.

NED

Oh, it's simple, Simpson. Credit

HOMER

Oooh! Credit.

EXT. BOB'S RV ROUNDUP (FORMERLY RVS R US) - A LITTLE LATER

Homer, Marge and the kids are standing in the middle of dozens of spectacular RVs. Above them is a large banner that says "We'd Rather Make A Friend... Than a Profit." There is a drawing of a happy face after the word "friend" and a frown after the word "profit." A smiling SALESMAN BOB, wearing a cowboy hat, sees them and approaches.

DISSOLVE TO:

BOB

Thank you, God. Heh, heh. (CLEARSCLEAR
THROAT) May I help you?

MARGE

(QUICKLY) We're just browsing, thank you.

HOMER

I'd like to see your finest RV. Do you have something that's better than the Land Behemoth?

The salesman looks through the sheaf of papers on his clipboard.

BOB

Yes, we do. That would be... the
Ultimate Behemoth.

HOMER

(EXCITED) Where is it?

The salesman sweeps his arm in a grand gesture.

BOB

We are standing in its presence.

Behold!

BART

Oh... oh... Wow, man!

BOB

Man built this. It's a vehicle.

NEW ANGLE

The family suddenly notices that they are standing next to the biggest, most astounding RV in existence. The side of it looks like the wall of a building. There are six sets of wheels supporting it, and it looks like it could never possibly turn on a regular city street.

HOMER

(BABBLER SPEECHLESSLY)

BART

Does it have its own satellite dish,
sir?

BOB

You can tell your son, it has its own
satellite. The VanStar One launched
last February, just for this thing.
That's all.

BART

Oh man!

MARGE

I'm not sure we can afford...

HOMER

(EAGERLY) Does it have a deep fryer?

BOB

It has four of them. One for each part
of the chicken.

MARGE

I don't think we can afford this,
Homer.

BOB

Let's worry about that later. Come on,
let's take a tour of it, want to? Come
on.

INT. INSIDE THE LAND BEHEMOTH SR. - CONTINUES

The family has reached the top of the Ultimate Behemoth's
escalator and is stepping off into the RV's entry hall.
They look around in amazement. There are plush chairs, and
a dining room with a huge chandelier. The dashboard looks
like the instrument panel on a 767.

HOMER

(BABBLING IN AWE)

MARGE

(MURMURS WORRIEDLY)

Homer presses the HORN. It PLAYS the first few bars of
ALSO SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA.

BART

(IMPRESSED) Aye carumba!

LISA

This is better than our house!

HOMER

Wait till Flanders gets a load of this.

MARGE

(WORRIED) It all seems so expensive...

HOMER

How much is it?

BOB

Ah, you're a man of your convictions.

You just wanted to ask that and just
blurted it out, didn't you?

HOMER

Yeah. How much is it?

BOB

Well, first of all, I want you to know,
I like your face.

BART

(INCREDULOUS) You do?

BOB

I really do! I'm not just saying that.
I mean it. You've got color in there.
You're not Roman are you?

HOMER

No.

BOB

Look like a God, sort of. Why don't we step into the credit office, Zeus?

(CHUCKLING) Hey, your Dad's gonna just go in here, work it out and then you'll drive home in this.

Bob leads Homer into the credit office.

INT. INSIDE CREDIT OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The salesman is typing credit information into a computer. Homer is watching him hopefully. There are friendly signs plastered all over the office that say, "We give credit to Everyone," "Bad credit? Good!," "Repossession? Foreclosure? Ha-Ha!," "Bankruptcy Schmankruptcy."

BOB

I'm not gonna quote you a price until I check your credit rating. Lemme. I want to make myself clear on this.

This is a formality. If you're saying to me, Bob, is this guy good for it? I say, yes. I don't check this machine.

But I don't own the place. Even though my name's up there. Long story. But that doesn't matter. I'm gonna have to run it through the computer.

Bob presses "enter" on the computer.

CLOSEUP - COMPUTER TERMINAL

The red light on top of the computer begins flashing "Warning, Warning." A warbling SIREN GOES OFF.

HOMER

Is that a good siren? Am I approved?

BOB

Have you ever known a siren to be good?

No, Mr. Simpson, it's not. It's a bad siren. That's the computer in case I went blind telling me, "Sell a vehicle to this fellow and you're out of business." That's what the siren says. It seems the Ultimate Behemoth is a wee bit out of your price range and wee bit is me being polite. You couldn't afford this thing if you lived to be a million.

HOMER

Don't you have something that isn't out of my price range? (SADLY) I don't want to go away empty-handed, Bob.

BOB

Take it easy there. Don't ruin this feeling I'm getting from you. Perhaps I can show you something a little more... you.

EXT. BACK OF THE RV LOT - A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER

Parked as far away from the other vans as possible is "The 'Lil Land Turtle." Its windshield wipers are bent, there are taped-up cracks in all the windows, the sides are dented, and a pool of oil grows underneath the engine. The salesman stands next to it proudly. The family is stunned. Bart leans inside and HONKS the horn, which emits a MOURNFUL and STRANGLLED version of "La Cucaracha."

BOB

Well, what do you think?

BART

Ah, you gotta be kidding me.

MARGE

It's used, isn't it?

BOB

What'd you say?

HOMER

Is it used?

BOB

Simpson, you're never going to own a better RV. And I don't mean that in a good way. I mean, literally, Buddy, this is it for you. You know it's this or a wagon.

HOMER

How much do you want for it?

BOB

This is yours? The price I'm quoting you? You're not gonna hand it to someone else? 'Cause I'm gonna give you a price for you, not for someone else... someone else, I'm doubling this.

HOMER

I swear it, Bob.

BOB

This is you and me?

HOMER

Yeah!

BOB

In other words, two months from now I see this vehicle, your head's in that window?

HOMER

On my honor.

BOB

Three-fifty a month.

HOMER

Oh well, I don't know. Would it be all right if I conferred with my family?

BOB

Mr. Simpson if you have to talk it over with those humans out there, there's something wrong with all of us. You look like a man whose able to make decisions or I wouldn't be wasting my time. See that man right over there?

HOMER

Yeah!

BOB

He's buying this. Did you know that?

HOMER

No.

BOB

Called me two minutes before you came in, said, 'Save the little one, I'm coming down'. Here he is. Now, you want it or not?

HOMER

All right. Al right! I'll take it.

BOB

Best decision you're ever gonna make. You're gonna... This is gonna change your life. You know what you're gonna do, first of all? You're gonna go places you've never gone before. Have you ever turned off the highway and really gone into dangerous area? Over big rocks, just missing large gullies?

HOMER

No.

BOB

Have fun!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SIMPSON'S DRIVEWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Marge and Lisa are staggering out of the house carrying huge suitcases. The van is stuffed to the brim with furniture. There are a number of boxes and chairs strapped to the top. Bart is shoving the television in the back.

HOMER

Now remember, just bring the necessities. We're going to be roughing it.

MARGE

This isn't going to be like Mosquito Lake?

HOMER

No, of course not. We'll bring repellent this time.

MARGE

Well... okay. But I am not going to clean any fish.

NEW ANGLE

Ned Flanders comes out of his house and stares with disbelief at the van. Homer waves.

HOMER

Hey, Flanders! Look what I got!

NED

(TRYING TO BE NICE) (WHISTLE) Holy...
She's a beaut. Hey, congratulations, Simpson. I'm sure you'll have loads of fun.

HOMER

(LAUGHING) (LOW TO MARGE) Jealous.
(THEN) Everybody ready?

Everyone AD LIBS halfheartedly - "Yeah, I guess!" "Let's get it over with," etc.

HOMER (CONT'D)

That's the spirit. Ready or not
nature, here we come!

Homer GUNS the engine, shifts it into gear, and slowly backs the van out of the driveway. A quart of oil blows on the ground. The van is so overloaded it only has about one inch of ground clearance and keeps SCRAPING BOTTOM and shooting sparks as it gets out on to the street.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE

There is nothing left in the house except the kitchen sink, which has ben half-pulled loose from its moorings. SNOWBALL II is sitting nonplussed in the center of the bare living room. We hear O.S. BARKING as SANTA'S LITTLE HELPER enters the living room and starts chasing the cat around the house.

EXT. FREEWAY - TEN MINUTES LATER

Traffic is backed up for miles behind Homer's slow-moving van. SFX: "LA CUCARACHA" HORN. The van turns off the highway onto a bumpy dirty road.

EXT. A NARROW DIRT ROAD - DEEP IN WOODS - AN HOUR LATER

The van is speeding down a narrow dirt road, breaking off low branches. The chairs and boxes on top of the van are shifting dangerously from side to side.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Marge is trying to locate their position on a large road map.

BART

Turkey farm?

LISA

No.

BART

Skunks?

LISA

No.

BART

Slaughter house?

LISA

No.

MARGE

What are you doing back there?

LISA

We're playing, what's that odor?

BART

Dad's feet.

HOMER

Bart!

LISA

You win, Bart.

HOMER

Lisa!

BART

Are we there yet, Dad?

HOMER

I'll tell you when we get there. Go back to your smell game.

MARGE

(SHOWING HIM MAP) Homer, I'm telling you this is not the Interstate.

HOMER

(SCOFFING) Pfft. Maps. (SNORTS)

MARGE

Shouldn't we stop somewhere and ask for directions?

HOMER

(SNORTS) Directions! I don't need to ask anybody for directions. All I need is my trusty dashboard compass.

CLOSEUP - DASHBOARD COMPASS

It is spinning in circles.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is climbing slowly up and over a series of huge boulders. It nearly tips over, then rights itself and goes on to the next boulder.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

Homer! What on earth are you doing?

HOMER

Don't worry. This is an all-terrain vehicle.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van goes over the last boulder, heads straight down a river bank and plows into a narrow, but swift river. The van stays upright and seems to be getting across all right, but it floats a little ways downstream before it manages to get to the other side.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

My feet are getting wet!

HOMER

Oh, come on. We're getting back to nature.

LISA

Mom, I'm scared.

MARGE

We all are, dear, but your father says there's nothing to worry about.

EXT. OVERHEAD SHOT OF VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is hurtling at fifty miles per hour through the woods towards a cliff. It is a sheer drop of several hundred feet to the gorge below.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Homer is WHISTLING and admiring the scenery around him. His foot is pressing the gas pedal to the floor.

HOMER

What do you think? Should we stop here?

Everyone looks out the side window at the blurred passing trees.

MARGE/BART/LISA

(FRANTIC SCREAM) Yes!!!

HOMER

All righty.

Homer puts on the brakes.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van -- all four wheels locked -- slides across a clearing and skids to a stop with half the chassis hanging over the edge of the cliff.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

HOMER

Well, here we are!

Homer turns off the engine, opens his door, and puts one foot out. The second he shifts his weight, the front door of the van tips down dramatically. We can see the gorge below through the windshield.

HOMER

Uh oh oh.

EXT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is slowly tipping back and forth like a teeter totter.

ALL (V.O.)

(HORRIBLE SCREAM) Aaaaaahhhhhh!!!!

HOMER

Okay. Nobody move. Nobody panic.

When I give the word, everyone ever so slowly open your door and slide out.

On the count of three. One, nobody panic. Okay,

There are three immediate DOOR SLAMS and the whole family is out of the van. The van shudders and teeters a little more, than steadies itself.

HOMER

Nobody panic. Okay, now here's what we're going to do. We'll shift our cargo to the back of the van. (GASPS)
Keep away from there, Maggie... No!

MAGGIE'S P.O.V.

sees her pacifier on the back seat through the open window.

CLOSEUP - MAGGIE

her eyes widen.

NEW ANGLE

HOMER

Maggie... No...!

Maggie reaches through the van's window and retrieves her pacifier. The van instantly topples over the cliff.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH VAN

It falls, hits the ground, rolls over twice, then is shaken repeatedly by several internal **EXPLOSIONS**.

BACK TO THE FAMILY

They are standing near the edge of the cliff, peering over and wincing as a few more **EXPLOSIONS** rip the van.

LISA

The Simpsons have entered the forest.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. NEAR THE EDGE OF CLIFF - CONTINUOUS

A dense pillar of black smoke is rising up from the bottom of the gorge. The family is looking at Homer. He is trying to look at the bright side.

HOMER

Well, heh heh, now we get a chance to
be real pioneers.

No one speaks. Lisa shivers a little as a sudden cold gust of wind gets under light coat. Maggie WHIMPERS.

HOMER

Yes sir! This is a real adventure.
Why, I bet there are people who would
trade everything they have in the world
for an adventure like this.

BART

You mean like we just did?

Maggie SNIFFLES.

HOMER

(RE MAGGIE) Will somebody help her?

LIDS

Look, Maggie! Birdies!

Lisa points up at a couple of vultures who are circling overhead.

MARGE

Oh, Homer. What are we going to do?

HOMER

Now don't worry. Our situation isn't as bad as it seems. And you're forgetting I'm an experienced woodsman.

Now, you all stay here for a minute while I go over this way and try to get my bearings.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH HOMER

as he walks round behind a clump of trees at the edge of the gorge. He sits down and buries his face in his hands.

HOMER

(SADLY TO HIMSELF) What am I going to do? I've murdered us all.

HOMER'S CANYON ECHO

(LOUDLY) Murdered us all... murdered us all...

The family looks around at the sound, startled.

HOMER (O.S.)

(SHARPLY) Shut up!

HOMER'S CANYON ECHO

(LOUDLY) Shut up... shut up... shut up.

HOMER (O.S.)

(DISGRUNTLED GRUNT, THREE TIMES)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE GIRLS' SHELTER - EARLY EVENING

Marge and the kids are watching as Homer puts the final touches on a shelter he has built. It is really nothing more than a small, uninviting pile of wet branches.

HOMER

(TRIUMPHANT) There! Finished.

LISA

You are?

HOMER

Well, it's a quick job, but it's
shelter.

MARGE

It is?

HOMER

Uh-huh. Okay, we'll be back with help
before you know it. You girls just
stay here and relax.

Bart and Homer begin walking off into the woods.

LISA

(CALLING AFTER THEM) Remember, Dad.

The handle of the Big Dipper points to
the North Star.

HOMER

(CHUCKLING) That's nice, Lisa, but
we're not in astronomy class. We're in
the woods.

As Bart and Homer hike OUT OF FRAME, Marge and Lisa examine the shelter. They both make a face, and MURMUR in dismay. Maggie totters off after Homer and Bart, making good time despite frequent bellyflops. Marge has begun using a small branch to sweep up leaves. Lisa looks up and sees Maggie disappearing after the guys.

LISA

Should Maggie be going with them, Mom?

MARGE

Oh, I don't think they'll be gone long
and she's in good hands, Lisa.

NEW ANGLE - THE TWO VULTURES CIRCLING OVERHEAD

They have to make a decision. They look down at the women cleaning the campsite, then at the men staggering through the undergrowth. After a pause they start flapping after the men.

BART AND HOMER

are walking deeper into the woods, looking apprehensively around them. Homer is only a little nervous. Bart is starting to get spooked.

BART

(NERVOUS) There aren't any dangerous
animals in this forest are there, Dad?

HOMER

Well, might be a few. But don't worry
about it. If you leave them alone,
they'll leave you alone.

BART

It's a deal.

HOMER

And remember not to act afraid.

Animals can smell fear. And they don't like it. Besides, there's nothing to be afraid of.

BART

(WORRIED) Right.

Maggie SUCKS on her pacifier.

HOMER

(PANIC) A rattler!

BART

(PETRIFIED) I'm not afraid, I'm not afraid, I'm not...

HOMER

Run, you fool!

BART

(SCREAMS)

Bart and Homer crash wildly through the forest at full speed. Camera PANS DOWN to Maggie. She SUCKS, takes one or two faltering steps after them, turns around and begins heading back to camp.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH MAGGIE

as she totters up to a hollow log. She crawls into it, and begins working her way through. The log turns a little before she reaches the other end, so that when she climbs out she begins heading the wrong way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DEEP WOODS - A LITTLE LATER

Bart and Homer slow to a walk, PANTING. Homer points to some bushes.

HOMER

Through here, boy. Back to
civilization.

BART

How do you know?

HOMER

When you're an experienced woodsman
like me, you get a feel for these
things. It becomes natural. Like a
third sense.

Bart and Homer push through a large bush.

NEW ANGLE

The bush is on the edge of the river bank. Bart and Homer
step out of the bush and topple one hundred and fifty feet
into the river.

BART & HOMER

Wahhhhhh!

CAMERA TRACKS WITH THEM

as the swift current speeds them downstream.

BART & HOMER

Yahhhhhh!

NEW ANGLE - SIDE VIEW OF WATERFALL

Bart and Homer are swept over the edge of the waterfall and
fall spinning and SCREAMING.

BART & HOMER

Wahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

EXT. THE GIRLS' CAMP SITE - CONTINUOUS

Marge and Lisa have made Homer's shelter much better. Marge is busily tidying up the "yard" with a jury-rigged broom and moving remarkably docile animals to more decorative locations in the clearing. We see her patiently lining up chipmunks on a log. The animals fidget and blink, but remain where she puts them.

MARGE

(HUMS TO HERSELF) (PAUSE) The boys certainly are taking a long time. I hope Maggie isn't slowing them up too much.

EXT. THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Maggie is standing in the center of a huge shadow looking up.

CUT WIDE

There is a mammoth BEAR rearing up over Maggie. It is GROWLING and it looks like it is about to lunge. Maggie SUCKS and reaches a hand into her secret pacifier stash. She pulls one out and shoves it into the bear's mouth as it lurches at her.

CLOSEUP - THE BEAR'S FACE

The bear SUCKS on the pacifier and instantly becomes pacified with a wide-eyed look similar to Maggie's.

MAGGIE AND BEAR

The bear SUCKS on its pacifier. Maggie SUCKS on hers. They look at each other, then both SUCK on their pacifiers at once.

EXT. BASE OF WATERFALL - CONTINUOUS

Homer's head appears in the pool at the base of the falls. He swims, COUGHING AND GASPING.

HOMER

Bart? Where are you, Bart?

Homer's P.O.V. - BART'S BASEBALL CAP SWIRLING IN THE CENTER OF THE POOL.

HOMER

(HORROR) His lucky red hat! Oh dear
God! No. Bart! No!

Homer dives back underwater. A moment later he resurfaces,
SPUTTERING. He drags himself onto the rock and SOBS.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SOBBING) Bart! Oh Bart! Bart, Bart,
Bart! Oh, Bart, my beautiful son. (TO
THE HEAVENS) Why couldn't you have
taken me? Of all the things on heaven
and earth, why did this one befall me?

BART (V.O.)

Don't have a cow, Dad.

Homer looks up.

NEW ANGLE

Bart's head is sticking out of a bush on the other side of
the river.

HOMER

(CAN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES) What the--?
(ANNOYED GRUNT) You're alive!...
and... (CHUCKLING) buck nekkid.

BART

I'm not the only one, Homeboy.

HOMER

What? (HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIMSELF AND
CHUCKLES) Oooh! Jungle Man!

Homer playfully beats his chest.

INT. BEAR CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Three large bears are gnawing on salmon in the center of the cave. Maggie's bear enters the cave carrying Maggie in his teeth. (by her nightie). Maggie is gently set down on the floor. The other bears gather around her menacingly. Maggie's bear explains everything with a few GRUNTS AND SNORTS. The bears relax. They lumber off a few paces and have a brief GRUNTING conference. One of them drags over a large salmon and sets it in front of Maggie. Maggie doesn't know what to do with it. She stares at it, looks up at the bears, and SUCKS. The bears exchange concerned looks.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN WOODS - A LITTLE LATER

Bart and Homer are standing behind some bushes.

HOMER

The first thing you learn about
surviving in the woods, boy! Conceal
your nakedness.

BART

Yeah, man.

HOMER

Okay. Slap a fern on there, Boy. Now
for some mud. There. That requires a
little mollusk. And some mollusk for
me. All right. We're ready to hit the
town.

They step out from behind the bushes, wearing ferns and mud and strategically placed mollusks, instead of clothes.

BART

But, Dad. I'm so hungry. Can't we eat
something first. I'm starving, man.

HOMER

Ah, food. Good thinking, son.

Homer looks around the clearing until he spots a small tree.

HOMER

This young sapling ought to do the trick.

Homer bends the top of the tree down near the ground, ties the top of the tree down with a piece of vine, then forms the rest of the vine into a small loop.

BART

What are we going to do, hang ourselves?

HOMER

No. This is a trap. It's going to catch us our dinner. Come on, boy.

Homer and Bart squat behind a bush. In the center of the loop Homer places an appetizing-looking leaf.

HOMER

Shhhh! (WHISPER) Just watch.

They stare silently for a moment, then -- sure enough -- a rabbit hops cautiously out of the woods, steps into the loop, and starts to nibble on the leaf.

HOMER

(TRIUMPHANT WHISPER) Ha! Ha! Got him!

The rabbit triggers the trap.

EXT. FOREST - LONG SHOT

The rabbit is thrown three-quarters of a mile into a ravine.

BACK TO BART AND HOMER

who stare off in the direction in which the rabbit has flown for a BEAT.

HOMER

Okay, okay. This time I'll just go into those bushes over there, make a lot of noise and flush out a rabbit. When he runs out, you step on him.

BART

Right, Dad.

NEW ANGLE

Homer walks into the bushes and, after the briefest of pauses, we HEAR many rapid little SNICKS OF TEETH CLOSING ON FLESH. Homer lets out a YELL and reels out of the bushes with rabbits, squirrels, ducks and snakes hanging off him by their teeth.

HOMER

(SHRIEKS) Get 'em off me! Get 'em off! Get 'em off me. Aaah!

Homer rolls on the ground trying to scrape the animals off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A CAMPGROUND NEAR THE BEAR CAVE - DUSK

A MOTHER and FATHER CAMPER are lounging in director's chairs. The mother is bottle-feeding a BABY.

CAMPER FATHER

Great camping trip. Travel eight hundred miles, and we haven't seen so much as a squirrel yet.

Maggie's bear's head pops up.

MAGGIE'S BEAR'S P.O.V.

PULL IN on baby SUCKING the bottle.

CAMPING MOTHER

The Ranger at the gate said we should
watch out for bears.

CAMPING FATHER

(SCOFFING) Bears. Right. Right. Let
me show you how many bears are around
here. (GETS UP, YELLS TAUNTINGLY)
Ah... Hello, bears. Come on, have a
donut... oh, what the heck, have me?
Come and get it?

CAMPING WIFE

All right. All right. You made your
point.

CAMPING HUSBAND

(STILL SCOFFING) Bears.

The mother sets the bottle down. A large bear paw appears
between the couple and removes the baby bottle.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEAR CAVE - A LITTLE LATER

The bear enters and offers Maggie the bottle filled with
formula. She removes her pacifier and starts SUCKING on
the bottle. The bears seems gratified by this. One by one
other bears enter with baby toys, bottles, picture-books,
etc., gathered from other campsites. One of them props up
an ABC picture book upside down in front of Maggie, then
backs off a little and watches her hopefully. She looks at
the bear and then turns the book rightside up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GIRLS' CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Marge and Lisa are sitting at the mouth of the shelter. An
inviting campfire is CRACKLING in front of them.

MARGE

Are you okay, Lisa?

LISA

Not really.

MARGE

Why not?

LISA

I think we're going to die.

MARGE

Oh, I don't think we're going to die, honey. But, on a totally different subject, is there anything you've always wanted to ask me or tell me but never got the chance to?

LISA

I don't think so.

MARGE

No? You never wondered about, oh say, where babies come from?

LISA

Well, I heard a hideous story about it once in the schoolyard.

MARGE

Oh. Well, it's true, I'm afraid.

LISA

(BEAT) I hope Maggie and the boys are all right.

MARGE

I'm sure they're just fine. After all,
we built a fire and we don't know
anything about nature. Imagine what
your father, an experienced woodsman,
has done.

LISA

Yeah, I suppose so. Night Mom.

MARGE

Goodnight, dear.

EXT. A CLEARING IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Bart and Homer are lying half-naked on their backs on the ground. They are slightly bluish.

BART

G-g-good night, D-dad.

HOMER

G-g-g--d night, s-son. S-sleep tight.

Their eyes remain wide open. Their teeth **CHATTER** noisily.

INT. BEAR CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The bears are snoozing in a pile. Maggie is curled up on top of one of the bears, fast asleep. She pulls a large bear paw over her like a blanket. The bear **GRUNTS** a little in its sleep. Maggie **SUCKS** on her pacifier.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. THE DEEP WOODS - DAWN

Dawn is breaking over the forest.

BART AND HOMER

They are shuffling through the woods. They look tired, cold, hungry, and their ferns are beginning to wilt.

BART

Are we there yet?

HOMER

(SNORT) No.

BART

Are we ever going to be there?

HOMER

How would I know. Quit asking
pointless... Look!

Suddenly Homer stops and stares. Right in front of his face is a large beehive that is literally dripping honey. A couple of dozen bees are swirling around the hive.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Honey! Honey! We're saved!

BART

Ah, Homer, bees!

Taking no precautions whatsoever, Homer stuffs his hand into the center of the hive and pulls out a handful of honey that still has several bees on it. He shoves the whole mess in his mouth. As Bart watches hungrily, Homer rolls the honey around in his mouth and swallows it.

BART

How is it?

HOMER

(A FEW BEES FLYING OUT OF HIS MOUTH)

Tangy.

Homer is stung repeatedly in the mouth by several bees. We can see his cheeks changing shape violently as the bees inside his mouth repeatedly back up and slam into his tongue. Homer's look of ecstasy fades and is replaced by one of bewilderment, and then horror. He opens his mouth. Bees fly out.

HOMER

(URGENT) Wah-neh! Wah-neh!

BART

What?

HOMER

Wah neh! Wah neh!

BART

Oh. Water. (POINTING) Thattaway,

man.

Homer crashes off towards the creek, leaving a trail of bees behind him.

EXT. CREEK - CONTINUOUS

A wildlife PHOTOGRAPHER with a video camera stands by the creek, pressing his lens into the face of a cowering baby deer. Homer dives into the muddy creek. The photographer hears Homer and instinctively turns to photograph Homer as the fawn scampers off. Homer's tongue is now swollen horribly and is dangling out of his mouth. He is covered with mud. A few bees are orbiting his head.

HOMER

Pleehhh! Hnnnn! Plem! Feh!

PHOTOGRAPHER

Ahhhhh!

The photographer runs off.

HOMER

Femmmmm! Wah! Gnnn! Hrmmerhrr!

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

TELEVISION SCREEN

Homer's image has a super over it that says "Bigfoot Found."

Camera PULLS BACK to REVEAL that the picture of Homer is in a mortise over the left shoulder of the News Six Anchorman.

NEWSMAN

Bigfoot. The legendary half-man half--ape is no longer a legend. He's very, very real. What you are about to see is unedited video footage taken earlier today in the hills three miles southwest of Tenderfoot Gorge.

Camera MOVES IN on the picture of Homer. The picture begins to move.

HOMER

Plemk heh feh. etc.

NEWSMAN (V.O.)

(OVER CURSES) The naturalist who took these absolutely extraordinary pictures was most impressed by the creature's uncivilized look, its foul language, and most of all its indescribable stench.

BACK TO ANCHORMAN

The mortise over his shoulder has a closeup of Homer's face, with the super "\$5,000 Reward" on a popular supermarket tabloid "The National Half-Truth..."

NEWSMAN

A popular supermarket tabloid has offered a reward of \$5,000 to anyone who brings in the creature alive.

Naturally, we'll have more on this story as soon as it develops. We now return you to the President's address, already in progress.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. ALONG THE INTERSTATE - THE NEXT DAY

Camera **PANS** along a huge traffic jam. Cars full of Bigfoot hunters are trying to make their way off the Interstate onto a tiny road that leads into the forest. The whole area around the turnoff is lined with souvenir stands, fast food stands, news crews, and excited tourists. A fast food stand has a large sign advertising "Half-Man Half-Ape Burgers." Several souvenir stands are doing a brisk business in "Official" Bigfoot souvenirs, including oversized foam rubber feet. There is a place where you can get your picture taken with a huge cardboard replica of Homer.

EXT. THE GIRLS' CAMPSITE - LATER THAT DAY

Marge is talking to a **GAME WARDEN**. He looks at their shelter and nods his approval. A couple of **REPORTERS** stand nearby.

GAME WARDEN

It looks as if you girls have been getting along all right, but it's a darn good thing we found you when we did. There's something horrible roaming these woods.

MARGE

There is?

The Game Warden hands Marge a newspaper. She looks at it.

ANGLE - NEWSPAPER

The front page has a large picture of Homer. The headline says "Bigfoot Still At Large."

NEW ANGLE

Marge is staring at the newspaper, totally confused.

MARGE

Why.... that's my husband!

CUT TO WHIRLING TABLOID NEWSPAPER

The newspaper headline reads: "Bigfoot's Wife Pleads: 'Call him Homer.'"

BACK TO MARGE

MARGE

His name isn't BigFoot. His name is
Homer!

REPORTER #1

What does it eat?

MARGE

(CONFUSED) I don't understand. What's
this all about? Well, I suppose pork
chops are his favorite.

CUT TO WHIRLING TABLOID NEWSPAPER

There's a photo of Homer with a big chef's hat superimposed and the headline reads: "The Bigfoot Diet: Pork Chops Aplenty." We hear a LOUD GROWLING off mike. The reporter hears it too. He turns to his FLUNKY.

REPORTER #2

Hey, get those bears out of here. I'm
trying to do an interview.

NEW ANGLE

Maggie's bears have come a little ways into the clearing. Maggie is riding one of them. They appear to be bringing her back. The flunky rushes towards them, waving his arms.

FLUNKY

No bears! We're taping! All bears off
the set!

The bears hesitate for a moment, then lope back into the woods. We hear Maggie's **SUCKING** fade into the distance.

BACK TO MARGE AND THE REPORTER

REPORTER #2

Okay. Now let's get back to your
(MAKES QUOTATION MARKS WITH HIS
FINGERS) "husband." How would you
describe your marital relations.
Brutish?

MARGE

Well... a little, I suppose, but I like
that. Is this going to be on TV?

REPORTER #2

Coast to coast.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BEAR CAVE - THAT NIGHT

Homer and Bart are shuffling along aimlessly through the forest, nearing total exhaustion. They are near the opening of the bear cave.

BART

(MONOTONE) Are we there yet?

Are we there yet? Are we there yet?

HOMER

(SIMULTANEOUSLY/EXHAUSTED) Just a
little farther... just a little bit
further... only a little further.

(SNIFFS) Food!

Bart **SNIFFS**. Like men in a trance they both begin following their noses into the cave.

INT. BEAR CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The bears are **CHEWING** on a number of large salmon. Maggie is **SUCKING** on a bottle and leafing through a picture book. We hear **SNIFFING** approaching. The bears look up from their dinner. Homer and Bart enter the cave, noses in the air, **SNIFFING**. They **HEAR** A low growl, stop, and, for the first time, look around to see where their noses have brought them. Their eyes widen and their jaws drop. The bears get up and advance.

HOMER

Nice grizzlys. Nice grizzlys. Nice
grizzlys.

BART

What do we do, Dad?

HOMER

Praise the grizzlys, son.

BART & HOMER

(QUICKLY) Nice grizzlys. That's a
good grizzly.

The bears rear up on their hind-legs and open their mouths another notch. Before they can strike we hear Maggie **SUCKING URGENTLY** on her pacifier. The bears look questioningly at her. She **SUCKS** harder and gestures at Bart and Homer. The bears seems to understand her. The lead bear looks at Bart and Homer, **SNORTS** apologetically, and backs off. The other bears **GROWLING** a little. Homer and Bart see Maggie for the first time.

HOMER

Maggie!

EXT. BEAR CAVE - A LITTLE LATER

Bart and Maggie come out of the cave and wave goodbye to the bears.

MAGGIE

(SUCKS)

Maggie is carrying her picture books and Bart has a large salmon that is evidently a going-away present from the bears. Homer exits the cave gingerly.

HOMER

(STILL SCARED) Nice grizzlys, nice
grizzlys.

BART

Later, grizzly dudes.

They bump into a BOY WITH a MAP.

BOY WITH MAP

Look, it's him! It's Bigfoot!

Suddenly a net drops on top of Homer. A SEARCH PARTY, led by the boy with the map, advances.

MAP BOY

(EXCITEDLY) We got him! We got
Bigfoot!

AD LIBBING: "It's Bigfoot", "We got him!", "Stay away from those teeth," etc. As Homer struggles, the Game Warden of the group grabs Bart and Maggie and takes them off to one side.

GAME WARDEN

You're darn lucky we got here in time
to rescue you.

BART

What the hell are you talking about,
sir?

Homer is still struggling as the searchers attempt to subdue him. Homer rips the net off and starts to run away. A MAN in the group raises a gun. He fires the tranquilizer gun and a small dart sticks out of Homer's butt. Homer **SHRIEKS**. In SLOW MOTION we see Homer fall to the ground with a **CRASH**.

BART

(horrified) Dad! Oh, Dad!

HOMER

(MUMBLING SLEEPILY) Avenge me, son.

Avenge my death.

Homer closes his eyes and falls asleep, SNORING LOUDLY.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCIENCE LABORATORY - A FEW DAYS LATER

Homer, with a few days' beard growth and an oversized diaper, stands glowering in an antiseptic glass booth while SEVERAL TECHNICIANS in lab coats consult checklists and scrutinize dials on various complicated machines. One of the technicians slides a pork chop through a small door in the booth with a stick.

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TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

The recent capture of Bigfoot, turned into the scientific poser of the century. Although the creature was ultimately released... the question remains, who was this Homer? Was it a man or was it, in fact, the legendary missing link known as Bigfoot?

Specialists from around the world gathered -- at the Springfield Primate Institute for a firsthand examination of the controversial creature. Here's what they had to say.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (V.O.)

The recent capture of a mysterious ape-like creature has turned into the scientific poser of the century. Is it man or is it, in fact, the legendary missing link known as Bigfoot?

HOMER

Can I have some applesauce?

Homer looks angry, then grabs the pork chop and begins chewing.

TV ANNOUNCER #2 (CONT'D) V.O.

Specialists from around the world have gathered at the Springfield Primate Institute for a firsthand examination of the controversial creature. They are now ready to announce their findings.

We CUT TO a panel of solemn SCIENTISTS AT A PRESS CONFERENCE.

DR. MARVIN MONROE

Ladies and gentlemen, distinguished colleagues, after extensive biological and anatomical testing, I regret to announce that the evidence we have is inconclusive. This... thing may or may not be human.

There's a BUZZ in the crowd.

GERMAN SCIENTIST

Zat's what he thinks! I say it's none other than Bigfoot in the flesh.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH SCIENTIST

(SCOFFING) Oh no, I disagree. I think eet eez a man. Ze eyes had a glimmer of human intelligence.

ENGLISH SCIENTIST

(SCOFFING) The eyes. What about the sloping ape-like forehead?

We PULL BACK to reveal Marge and Homer at home in bed watching this on television.

HOMER

Oh, the guys at work are going to have a field day with this.

MARGE

Cheer up, Homer. At least they let you go.

BACK TO TELEVISION

The Scientists start to argue AD LIBBING:

GERMAN SCIENTIST

Gentlemen, gentlemen, fraulein, please zis much ve can agree upon! This specimen is either a below average human being or a brilliant beast.

BACK TO HOMER AND MARGE

HOMER

Stupid... egghead.

MARGE

Oh, Homer. My brilliant beast.

HOMER

(PLEASED) Aw...

Marge kisses Homer and turns out the lights.

FADE OUT:

THE END